

IN AMUSEMENT LINES

Hoyt's "A Texas Steer" filled the Lansing theater last night, and the local dramatic critics have been endeavoring to account for the drawing power of that play.

There are two or three reasons why Hoyt's farces are invariably successful. They always deal with subjects that appeal to the every day spectator, and the subject is presented in a vivid, humorous manner. Then Mr. Hoyt

has been with this actor for a number of years. Miss Behrens is a voluptuous actress who in the character of Lucille displays her physical charms to good advantage. She also displays some ability and a tendency to declaim.

John L. Sullivan presented "The Man From Boston," a characteristic play written especially for him, at the Lansing last evening. The ex-champion has been seen several times in this city, and if he does not inspire by his stage art, he at least amuses. He is much the same in "The Man From Boston" as in "Honest Hearts and Wiling Hands."

The boy whispered through the keyhole, and in a moment the lock could be heard to slip back. Then there was a rush, and the private office was filled with delegates, not one, but all that could be crowded in. Mr. Pratt looked hopeless, but the boy succeeded in getting out of the office all but two of the visitors. During the wait for the delegates a poem was read which was supposed to have been composed by Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld, and which was found on the Casino stage on the evening of the closing performance. It was as follows:

"Oh, promise me that you will pay some day," Said Sydney to poor Roseborn on Broadway. "You promised that you'd pay them without fail, On every Tuesday morning, rain or hail, And now they wait to see thy face in vain, And kick like blazes and drive me insane. Oh, say, my angel, do your best for me. Oh, promise me!"

Mr. Pratt, after a conference with the delegates, decided to group the men in batches of fours and sue Mr. Roseborn in the Sixth and Eighth judicial districts, and to bring the suits of the chorus girls under the Working Women's act, by the provisions of which the employer who fails to satisfy a judgment for a sum not exceeding \$50 may be imprisoned for fifteen days.

Mr. E. E. Rice has brought fortune to Mr. A. M. Palmer, and like the two Dromios these gentlemen now unite in entertaining foreign celebrities at the Waldorf. They will have Jakobowski, the "Ermine" composer, at luncheon tomorrow. I must pause once more to admire Mr. Rice. Only a few short years ago he was wearing a gray ulster, with an odd glove in the left pocket and a half-smoked cigar in the other. He wore a worried look, and it is whispered that the actors in his company looked just as worried as he. And, finally, when the world had grown very cold, indeed, he and the gray ulster sailed sadly away to Australia. Then he re-appeared, and it was at once seen that he had recovered his magic wand. Now we have him, not only making money for himself, but for Mr. Palmer, and giving luncheons at the Waldorf to large parties of guests. He is certainly a remarkably able man, and it is to be hoped that he will never again revert to the gray ulster, with the odd glove in one pocket and the half-smoked cigar in the other. — Town Topics.

sky, and surrounded by a bower of vines, erected on a little elevation commanding a perfect view of the ocean beyond. The castle's walls are built in imitation of the wicker work of champagne baskets, and the towers are champagne bottles. From the loop holes the irregular and gnarled corks peep out, while the decorations all take their model from champagne associations. Eighty people will appear in Monday night's production, and two carloads of scenery will be used.

Robert G. Ingersoll will deliver his noted lecture on "Shakespeare" at the Lansing theatre Wednesday evening. It is said that this is the great lecturer's favorite subject; at any rate it is the one which has brought him the greatest renown. Mr. Ingersoll has studied Shakespeare with much thoroughness, and his treatment of the poet is such that it will be thoroughly enjoyed by all lovers of the immortal bard. Ingersoll, whose prose is sometimes almost pure poetry, is one of the most finished lecturers in the country, and his presence in Lincoln is an event of unusual importance.

Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead" comes to the Lansing Friday, October 27. The plot of this favorite play is a simple moral story, just the same as a father and mother experience with their children every day, and is a thread holding together the moving panorama of city and country life. Is it any wonder that people flock to see a play which so cleverly carries them back to "old times," and which their children enjoy just as much now as they themselves used to? The most remarkable feature of its success is the fact that it draws among its patrons many prominent clergymen who have never before darkened the doors of a theatre, and who, in turn, have from their pulpits paid it the highest tribute possible by saying that the play taught a high moral lesson, as strong and powerful as any they could preach. This before unheard of endorsement sends thousands to witness it who have always looked upon the stage as a place to be shunned and avoided. "The Old Homestead" will be recorded in the annals of history as the most successful domestic play ever known, artistically and financially.

Saturday evening October 28 the Lansing theatre offers the second edition of Chas. Frohman's attractions for the season in his great Empire theatre success entitled "The Masked Ball." Frohman's attractions are too well known in Lincoln to require extended comment. It has long been conceded that this successful manager never offers anything inferior to the public and with this attraction there is no exception to the rule. This will be the initial appearance in Lincoln of "The Masked Ball" and with Manager Church's assurance as well as Chas. Frohman's popularity the house will probably be crowded.

For all social doings the Nebraska state band or orchestra is what is always most desired.



INFLUENZA,
Or La Grippe, though occasionally epidemic, is always more or less prevalent. The best remedy for this complaint is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"Last Spring, I was taken down with La Grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breast seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid and the cure so complete. It is truly a wonderful medicine."—W. H. WILLIAMS, Crook City, S. D.

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Cuts from which 7,000 strong impressions can be taken at from \$1 up. Cheap, aren't they? Good ones, too. Every business man should see us. Business office with John McIntosh, the Printer, under city library; Art Department, Western Normal college, Lincoln, Neb.

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Sealskin Garments.
GAPS, MUFFS, CAPES,
MATS AND CARRIAGE ROBES.

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Repairing done in the neatest manner. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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AND
WINDOW SHADES
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JUST THE BOOK I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR.
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THOMAS Q. SEABROOKE.
In "The Isle of Champagne."

selects particularly competent people to interpret his plays.

No subject is more fertile in ideas for the author and playwright than politics—American politics, and in "A Texas Steer" Mr. Hoyt treats the subject in a broadly humorous way that is positively irresistible, especially when the story is told by such people as Tim Murphy.

Year by year Murphy elaborates and softens his part. His *Maverick Brander* is so good that one cannot help wishing to see him in some more ambitious undertaking. One of the most remarkable things in "A Texas Steer" Murphy's make-up. There is nothing that looks like imitation in his representation of the venerable Texan who accused the voters of his district of taking advantage of his absence by electing him to congress.

If the audience in the Lansing theatre last Friday evening had never seen Flora Walsh (Mrs. Hoyt) as *Bossy*, Alice Evans' characterization would doubtless have received the highest praise. Following the actress who created the part she had an exceedingly difficult role, and it must be admitted that she acquitted herself very creditably. Her *Bossy* was not as mellow as Miss Walsh's and in many of the little tricks of the part she failed to exhibit that winsomeness that was so attractive in the original rendition.

Will H. Bray, the "Minister to Dahomey" like Murphy, improves every year.

The company is substantially the same as it was last year, and the play itself is unaltered.

Robert Mantell was seen in this city Wednesday night for the first time in several years. His role or rather his roles, in "The Face in the Moonlight" are unlike his characterizations in "The Corsican Brothers" and "Mombars" which are familiar to most theatre goers; but Mantell can never quite disguise his personality, and there was much to remind one of his other representations in the characters of *Victor Ambrose* and *Robert*.

In the larger cities there is a disposition to make light of Mantell as a "ladies man" and it is occasionally remarked that he is a favorite with matinee audiences, which is the most objectionable kind of criticism.

There can be no doubt that Mantell is a painstaking actor of real ability. He is particularly adapted for the romantic drama.

In "The Face in the Moonlight," a rather inaptly named drama dealing with revolutionary France, he does the parts of two half brothers, and he portrays the two distinct characters, one a half maddened villain and the other a French soldier, with intelligence and force. His comedy work, aided materially by his remarkable facility in facial gymnastics, is effective, though overdone. In the last act there is a clever scene where he passes from one role to the other with startling and mystifying rapidity.

Mr. Mantell was supported by an evenly balanced and capable company headed by Miss Charlotte Behrens, who

CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—[Special Courier Correspondence.]—At the Chicago opera house, "Sinbad, or the Maid of Borsara," has been revived according to promise.

The cast of characters, it is claimed, is stronger than any yet seen in the American Extravaganza company's spectacles. Henry Norman plays his old part of *Saurlegoe*. Edwin Foy represents a modern paraphrase of Hogarth's "Idle Apprentice," a bad boy of the dime-novel-reading and cigarette-smoking type. Joseph Doner is the *Old Man of the Sea*. Will M. Armstrong appears as a foreign nobleman of fastidious tastes in search of a wealthy wife. Jack Guilmette is a grouty old father, *Nicolo* by name. Frankie M. Raymond plays the heroine, *Sinbad's* sweetheart. Louise Royce is seen as the dashing young hero of burlesque, *Sinbad*. Ada Deaves, a lady with decided talent for eccentric characters, plays *Marachina*. Henry Irving has been crowding the Columbia. This week Tennyson's "Becket" has been presented. It made an excellent impression. M. Coquelin and Mme. Hading are delighting select audiences. Their repertoire is very extensive. Felix Morris is presenting Oscar Wilde's play, "Lady Windermere's Fan" at the Schiller. Wm. H. Crane is particularly successful with "Brother John." Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" is filling the Grand opera house.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—[Special Courier Correspondence.]—The following are this week's important attractions in this city: Vaudeville at Tony Pastor's; "A Temperance Town" at the Madison Square theatre; vaudeville at Proctor's; Francis Wilson in "Erminie" at the Broadway; Heinrich Opera company at the Garden; "The Prodigal Daughter" at the American; E. H. Sothern at the Lyceum theatre; The Kendals at the Star theatre; "Liberty Hall" at the Empire theatre; "1492" at Palmer's; "Charley's Aunt" at the Standard; "The Cornercracker" at the Fourteenth street; Howard Athenaeum. Specialty company at the Bijou theatre; vaudeville at Koster and Bial's and the Imperial Music Hall; Peter Jackson in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Park; "A Trip to Mars" at Niblo's; "The Midnight Alarm" at the Grand opera house; Sol Smith Russell in "Peaceful Valley" at Daly's; "The Woolen Stocking" at Harrigan's, and opera and vaudeville at Keith's Union Square.

Twenty chorus girls and nearly as many men who were members of the "Rainmakers of Syria" company that came to grief a few days ago in New York, climbed three flights of narrow stairs in the theatrical office building at 1180 Broadway Saturday morning and fled into the office of Lawyer Edwin A. Pratt. Mr. Pratt is a small man and he is nervous, and he had prepared to receive the angry people. He had locked himself in his private office and had a sturdy youth keeping guard at the door. "Good morning," said the boy. "Mr. Pratt will see you in a minute, and if the ladies and gentlemen will appoint delegates he will see them." Several spoke up who wanted to be delegates.

The boy whispered through the keyhole, and in a moment the lock could be heard to slip back. Then there was a rush, and the private office was filled with delegates, not one, but all that could be crowded in. Mr. Pratt looked hopeless, but the boy succeeded in getting out of the office all but two of the visitors. During the wait for the delegates a poem was read which was supposed to have been composed by Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld, and which was found on the Casino stage on the evening of the closing performance. It was as follows: